THE BELGICK LYON DISCOVERD.

'Tis done! the *Belgick* Lyon, whose loud roar
Fill'd all the Ocean from Shore to Shore
With Noise and Vapour; is uncas'd, and now
Discovers both his Ears, and Body too;
These Swoln Romantique Papers which have flown
Abroad and fill'd each Part of Christendom
With Lying Rumors, which proclaim'd what you
Both had Design'd and were resolv'd to Do
That durst with base unhallow'd Ink defile
The Reputation of the Noblest Isle
Great *Neptune*'s Arms e're circled, nay blaspheme
That Sacred Head which wears a Diadem
Second to none in *Europe*, now appear
Just Monuments both of your Shame and Fear
True Pourtraits of your Baseness, Wretched Slaves
Did you believe that your *Batavian* Braves
Could fright the *Brittish* Monarch? *Skellums*, no!
The greatest of your Force is much below
His cheapest Thoughts; though all your *Heere's* wore Crowns
Rich as the Sun e're saw, though all your Towns
Were *Hogen-Mogen* Empires, though your Souls
Were keener then your Cheese, and your fat Joules
Big as your *Brandy*, yet he'le give you knocks
Such as will break the strongest Butter-box;
Will melt you into your first Mass, and then
You'le be the *Poor distressed States* agen;
But you were got on Tip-toe th' Air of *France*
And purg'd your Phlegm, and taught you how to dance,
These new *Lavaltoes*, dull-brain'd, stupid Rogues.
Worst then the worst of men, then *Indian* Jogues
Could you forget what great *ELIZA* did
Which *Alva*'s Duke, *Colossus* like bestrid
Your Jadish Backs, when th' Inquisition tore
Your heart-strings out, and bath'd your sides in Gore,
When Sea and Land were both shut up, and you
Neither knew where to stay, nor how to go,
The *English* Valour then, (so much of late
Despis'd by you) buoy'd up your sinking State,
Rescu'd you from that Force, by which you were
Thrown down into the bottom of Despaire,
These then were favours, which to do you right
You ever since have labour'd to requite
Witness the Kindness, which by you was shewn
To us at *Banda*, and at *Pulleroon*
Amboina's Mercies too were great, and such
As did to all men speak you truly *DUTCH*,
Know then you Fen-bred Frogs, the time is come
Will give you a just Retribution
The Mighty God, the God of Battels has
Furbish'd that Sword which sav'd you then, to pass
Thorough your Bowels now, that hand which he
Advanc'd to break your Bonds and set you free
He'le arm with Vengeance, and Vindictive Rage,
To beat you into your first Vassallage.

N. R.

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